

# Do What You Like

## Dioptrio

QB ya shit shit is crazy yo, can't fuck wit' you fo' real  
They can't fuck wit' you, they can't fuck wit' you  
What's wrong wit' ya'll niggas man?  
The fuck is wrong wit' ya'll niggas, where you at nigga  
C'mon nigga, yo, where you at, where you at nigga  
Check 'em out, yo yo yo  
When it's murder on my mind, I do it all the time  
Got tombstone flow, wit' a casket rhyme  
Your gats is plastic, I got platinum nines  
With gold shells Banger Vegas tap ya spine  
I'm the type to spaz out and take back what's mine  
Rep for my hood niggas slingin' crack and dimes  
Half is mine so you know it's half my time  
In the pen or the box wit' my man on the ox  
We gon do it like we did it on the block, let's roll  
Like wit 60's 30's, 40 niggas wit' me  
Rep ya hood, rep ya block, rep ya city  
This is me talkin', without the Remy in me  
I kick it from the heart, that's why niggas feel me  
Show ya'll the true meanin' why Banger act Willie  
'Cause I start to spaz and smack a bitch silly  
They call Leo Ganza wit' the twin nine millis, yeah niggas  
Do what you like, we don't give a fuck  
Go head and fight, all my bitches grab a nigga  
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world  
Do what you like, do what you like  
Do what you like, you got a muthafuckin' gun  
Bust of the nine, all my niggas grab a bitch  
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world  
Do what you like, do what you like  
This is for them niggas frontin', don't really want it  
My 32 bullets got all ya names on it  
Hit 'em in the brain, niggas slain, layin' dormant  
Iced out grenade, wit' the big chains on it  
New Years blimp wit' big name on it  
Iceburg sweaters wit' Kim name on it  
Cease-A-Le Tee wit' big blood stain on it  
Every time I sign a check, I sign a thug name on it  
Niggas got rhymes but they flow's so borin'

No stage shows, so forget about tourin'  
Mad at my team 'cause my niggas stay scorin'  
All you gotta do is make a false move and it's warnin'  
My guns bust, niggas get wet when it's pourin'  
Rain down long like Kim gettin' dressed in the mornin'  
Five star general, spit a Uzi at ya coffin  
Run up in ya crib without a search warrant  
Do what you like, we don't give a fuck  
Go head and fight, all my bitches grab a nigga  
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world  
Do what you like, do what you like

Do what you like, you got a muthafuckin' gun  
Bust of the nine, all my niggas grab a bitch  
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world  
Do what you like, do what you like  
Once again it's on, the muthafuckin psychos M.A.F.I.A.

Bitches feel us, we the realest  
My Bed Stuy niggas is who I ride for  
Send that ass slow like I ride a six four  
I'm what ya kids admire, don't wanna see retire  
Got bitches in the pen and in the church choir  
Got a new attitude for the Y2K  
Same shit nigga, try me I'ma blow 'em away  
Ayo move out the way Bris, I'm about to hook off  
Sick of muthafuckas tryna play us lick we soft  
You have any idea, how many words I shook off  
I'm not havin', uh, no, I'm not havin' it  
You heard what I said, don't make me raise my voice  
And I know ya'll don't want me to call me boys  
M.A.F.I.A. we break rules in the club  
My whole crews in the club  
And girl, don't you hate when bitches be wit' the friends  
Dancin' all wild, bumpin you again and again  
Yeah, I know that some real punk shit  
Fuck that, I ain't tryna hear that drunk shit  
Bitches like that get stomped out  
You know the rules, beat a bitch till she conk out  
Lady what we fear nigga you like, give 'em a pussy invite  
It's aight maybe get ya pussy sucked tonight  
And do what you like, we don't give a fuck  
Go head and fight, all my bitches grab a nigga  
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world  
Do what you like, do what you like  
Do what you like, you got a muthafuckin' gun

Bust of the nine, all my niggas grab a bitch  
And fuck tonight, it's ya muthafuckin' world  
Do what you like, do what you like  
Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out  
Yeah muthafuckas  
All my niggas get high and fuck tonight  
It's our muthafuckin' world  
Ya'll need to cut it out 'fore ya get stomped out, yeah  
Big shout from the house, yea Queen Bee  
M.A.F.I.A. style, B.I.G., forever baby Brooklyn  
We gonna let ya'll know  
Do what you want, do what ya like nigga, it's 2000  
YaknowwhatI'msayin', all Hell to the Y2Kim baby  
GB, it's yo turn, all you hoes make a U-turn  
Aiight, aight represent niggas

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